THE FANTASTIC, INCREDIBLE **HULK** WAITS FOR YOU — INSIDE!

7p

# SMASH!

No.34
24th SEPT. 1966
EVERY TUESDAY

THE INCREDIBLE **HULK** IS THE GREATEST!

DON'T JUST TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT— HERE'S WHAT AMERICA'S TOP PAPERS SAY...

MEET THE GREAT GREEN GOLIATH: "THE HOWLING, HURTLING HULK IS BASHING HIS WAY INTO THE HEARTS OF AMERICANS."

—Hunter College Meridian

*"There's Hulk, a huge green monster, the strongest thing on Earth (in reality, Dr. Bruce Banner, a man accidentally zapped by gamma rays). If you used to be a square-jawed, handsome scientist and were suddenly turned into a green beast, you'd be a little angry, wouldn't you? . . . Hulk pulverizes everything in his path—good guys, bad guys, machines, rocks, everything! Hulk thinks, "Nobody matters to the Hulk!! There's no place for me here . . . no place for the Hulk anywhere!"*

—Chicago Daily News

RATED ONE OF THE "28 PEOPLE WHO COUNT" ON CAMPUS

—Esquire

FREE HULK SWEATSHIRTS! see inside!

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# WHERE IS BATMAN—

**Read on and you'll find out—and other t' ngs besides. This is the page of . . .**

# INSIDE INFORMATION!

This week is a testing time for friendship. We think you like us. But if you *don't* like us this is the chance you've been waiting for. Grab your pen, reach for the nearest bottle of acid and dash off a letter to us that will lash the skin from our backs. For we've done the very last thing we ever wanted to do. We've let you down! In this issue of SMASH there's no Caped Crusader and the Boy Wonder.

"You see, this week's instalment still hasn't reached us, and so, much as we hate doing it, we've had to go to press without Batman. So all we can say is we're sorry and promise that the Dynamic Duo will be back with us next week. Like we said before we're still new to this business, but after SMASH and WHAM have been going for a few hundred years or so things like this will never happen. So all you need is patience.

And now, moving our red faces away from that embarrassing subject we'll talk about something we *do* know for sure is going to be in SMASH. We're talking about next week's HULK saga.

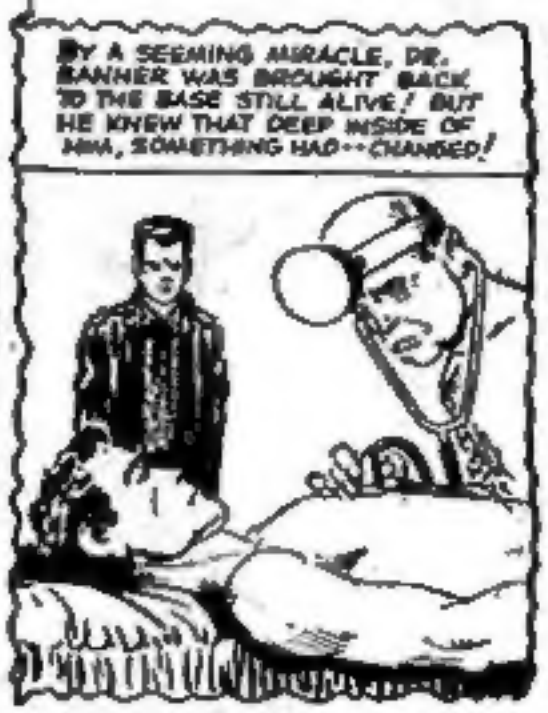
This is one of those stories that starts off like a rocket missile and then really speeds up. Avenger fans please note: Iron Man, Thor, Giant Man and the Wasp are also starred in this sizzler!

*This is our Be Kind to New Readers Week. We've had so many letters asking us how the HULK got that way that we thought we'd better give them a run-down on the big feller's beginnings. Old readers can just turn the page while new readers just turn deathly white...*

RICK JONES, A REBELLIOUS TEEN-AGER, HAD ACCIDENTALLY ENTERED AN ATOMIC TESTING AREA AT THE FINAL SECONDS OF THE COUNT-DOWN! AND THEN...

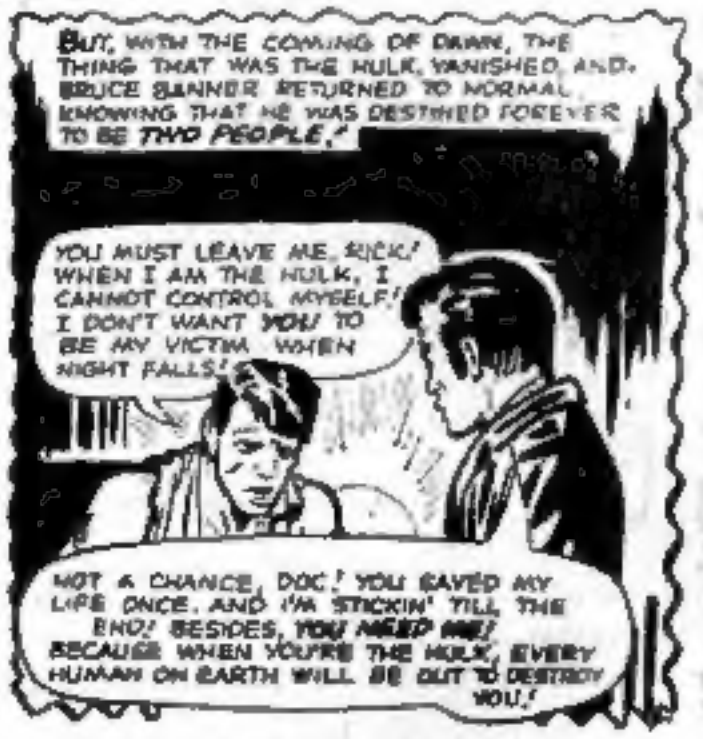
# IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS-

IN AN EFFORT TO SAVE THE BOY, DR. BRUCE BANNER, FAMOUS SCIENTIST IN CHARGE OF THE TEST, HAD HURLED RICK TO SAFETY, ONLY TO CATCH THE FULL IMPACT OF THE MYSTERIOUS GAMMA RAYS HIMSELF!


BY A SEEMING MIRACLE, DR. BANNER WAS BROUGHT BACK TO THE BASE STILL ALIVE! BUT HE KNEW THAT DEEP INSIDE OF HIM, SOMETHING HAD--CHANGED!

FOR THE FALL OF DARKNESS WAS DESTINED TO BRING WITH IT THE STRANGEST PHENOMENON OF ALL TIME... AT THE CLOSE OF DAY, DR. BRUCE BANNER TURNED INTO--THE HULK!

WHERE DOCTOR BANNER HAD BEEN GENTLE, THE HULK WAS A BRUTE! WHERE BANNER HAD BEEN CIVILIZED, THE HULK WAS A SAVAGE! WHERE BANNER WAS A MAN, THE HULK WAS A MONSTER! A MONSTER OF SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH, DUE TO THE GAMMA RAYS WHICH COURSED THROUGH HIS MIGHTY FRAME!


BUT, WITH THE COMING OF DAWN, THE THING THAT WAS THE HULK, VANISHED, AND BRUCE BANNER RETURNED TO NORMAL, KNOWING THAT HE WAS DESTINED FOREVER TO BE TWO PEOPLE!
YOU MUST LEAVE ME, RICK! WHEN I AM THE HULK, I CANNOT CONTROL MYSELF! I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE MY VICTIM WHEN NIGHT FALLS!
NOT A CHANCE, DOC! YOU SAVED MY LIFE ONCE, AND I'M STICKIN' TILL THE END! BESIDES, YOU NEED ME! BECAUSE WHEN YOU'RE THE HULK, EVERY HUMAN ON EARTH WILL BE OUT TO DESTROY YOU!

**AND SO IT BECAME THAT THE HAND OF EVERY MAN—EXCEPT RICK'S—WAS TURNED AGAINST THE MONSTROUS HULK! WHAT A SAVAGE BATTLE IT HAS BECOME. TURN THE PAGES FAST FOR THIS WEEK'S TREMENDOUS STORY OF THE HULK!**

Registered at the G.P.O. for transmission by Magazine Post to Canada (including Newfoundland). SMASH!, printed in Great Britain by St. Clements Press Ltd., 112 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Aust.) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rate Inland 12 months 43/4, abroad (including Canada) 12 months 39/-; Dollar Rate for U.S.A. $6, Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
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# Percy's Pets

BZZZ!

BZZZ!

GRRRR! BLINKING FLY! BUZZ OFF!

BAH! MISSED!

BANG!

DON'T, DAD! THAT'S FRED, MY PET FLY!

BAH! THAT FLY'S TOO CLEVER TO GET CAUGHT IN A FLY-PAPER — MORE'S THE PITY!

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, FRED! YOU MUST NOT ANNOY DAD!

LATER...

YIPPEE! GRANDAD'S HEAD MAKES A SMASHIN' SKATING RINK!

TICKLE!

?

GURR! ROTTEN FLY!

OH, NO! FRED'S ANNOYING GRANPA NOW!

BEHAVE YOURSELF!! YOU MUSTN'T ANNOY GRANPA, EITHER!

HUH! CAN'T HAVE ANY FUN IN THIS OL' HOUSE!

FLY NEWS

MATCHES

GOSH, I'M PECKISH! I'LL GO AN' FIND A BITE TO EAT!

MATCHES

HELP!

UGH! GET AWAY FROM THE FOOD, YOU HORRIBLE FLY!

WHACK!

I'VE BEEN HIT! I'M OUT OF CONTROL!

PHEW! LUCKY I BROUGHT MY PARA-CHUTE!

GOSH — IT'S STEAMY IN HERE, I'LL LET IN SOME FRESH AIR!

WHOOSH!

HELP! I'M NOT GOIN' DOWN — I'M GOIN' SIDEWAYS!

FLY PAPER

—ERK!

SPLAT!

STICK!

HO! HO! THAT PAPER WILL KEEP HIM OUT OF MISCHIEF! HEE! HEE!

POOR OL' FRED, BUT HE DOES ASK TO COME TO A STICKY END! STILL, I'LL SET HIM FREE AFTER DINNER!

PAGE!

# BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966

AMMO

COOKERY CLASS

HAZARD PIE

I'VE JUST MADE THESE ROCK CAKES. I'LL GIVE ONE TO THE HEAD!

AAH!— I'VE ALWAYS HAD A SWEET TOOTH FOR ROCK CAKES.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S LOST HIS SWEET TOOTH— AN' ALL THE OTHERS!

CRUNCH!

THCOOL DITHMITHED! BLAM!— I'VE GOT TO THEE THE DENTITHT!

TEETH

GOOD OL' PENNY!

SHE GOT US A HOLIDAY!

SCHOOL

HOORAY!

I FEEL GENEROUS. I'LL GIVE MY ROCK CAKES AWAY!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT BEAR IS DOING IN THERE, BUT HE LOOKS HUNGRY— I'LL THROW HIM A CAKE!

WHAT'S THAT? OH, CRUMBS— I'VE BUST SOMETHING! I'M OFF!

TINKLE!

CRASH!

MY SET! NOW I'LL NEVER SEE THE END OF ZOO TIME!

THAT BEEBE LOOKS HUNGRY— BET SHE'D LIKE A CAKE!

BEWARE OF THE DOG

BONK!

HELP! A BOMB!

BEWARE OF THE DOG

NEVER MIND— I'VE GOT LOTS MORE TO GIVE AWAY!

BOATING POOL

ALL THAT ROWING MUST HAVE MADE THAT MAN HUNGRY —— HAVE A ROCK CAKE, MISTER!

BOATING POOL

?

GULP! I THINK I'VE *ROCKED* THE BOAT!

GURGLE! GULP! GURGLE!

GOO! HE GOT A DRINK AS WELL!

AH!— I'LL FEED THE DUCKS. C'MON, DUCKS!

2

THERE! THIS ROAD DRILL WILL BREAK THE CAKES UP FOR THEM! KIND PENNY!

TASTY CAKES, AREN'T THEY, DUCKS?

GULP!

GULP!

UM? I THOUGHT DUCKS COULD SWIM!

BANK

*A BANK THIEF!* LUCKY I'VE GOT A ROCK CAKE LEFT!

KONK!

BANK

GOT HIM! RIGHT ON THE NUT!

THERE, COPPER, I'VE CAUGHT A BANK THIEF FOR YOU! — WHERE DO I CALL FOR THE REWARD?

BANK

O!

YOU NIT! THAT'S THE *MANAGER*!

AND SHE'S MADE ME MISS MY TRAIN!

OOER!

GET HER!

WALLOP HER!

OH, CRUMBS! THAT'S THE LAST TIME I TRY TO BE GOOD! *HELP!*

# IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN IS BEING 'TAKEN FOR A RIDE' BY ONE OF SINISTER DOCTOR FEAR'S HENCHMEN—AT THE END OF A STEEL CABLE! AND THERE'S A DAMP AND DEADLY RECEPTION AWAITING HIM AT THE END OF THE TRIP...!

IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING NOW, I'M GOING TO BE ANCHORED BY THIS TRUCK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE HARBOUR!

SO-LONG, RUBBERMAN! I'M GETTING OFF NOW! SEE YOU LATER— WHEN THEY FISH YOU OUT OF THE DRINK!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I CAN SEE THAT MIGHT STOP THIS TRUCK— THAT STEEL GATE!

TWO JAWS SAG OPEN...

DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

YEAH!.. AND I WISH I DIDN'T!

THE SPEEDING TRUCK AND GATE MEET, CRASHINGLY...

LOOK! THERE'S A GUY CABLED TO THE END OF THAT TRUCK!

HE'S BOUNCING LIKE A RUBBER BALL! HE WON'T HAVE A BONE LEFT THAT ISN'T BROKEN— THE POOR DEVIL!

BUT A MAN MADE OF RUBBER DOES NOT HAVE BONES THAT CAN BREAK...

DON'T—DON'T YOU WANT A DOCTOR, EVEN? YOU MUST BE HURT!

ONLY MY FEELINGS! BUT I INTEND TO PUT THAT MATTER RIGHT!

IT'S HIM! AND I DROPPED MY STUNNER GUN WHEN I BALED OUT OF THAT TRUCK!

THEN RUN, FOOL! RUN!

OOOPS-A-DAISY!

HE—HE'S GOT ME! HE— UUUHHH!

A SOLID RUBBER FIST SLAMS HOME...

AAAGH!

NOW, JUST ONE TO GO! DOCTOR FEAR HIMSELF!

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

RELEASING THE BRAKES — THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING!

RUBBERMAN GASPS AS THE HEAVY VEHICLE CAREERS DOWNHILL...

THAT LITTLE GIRL — SHE HASN'T SEEN IT!

COME BACK! OH, IT'S TOO LATE....!

!

OHHHH — I CAN'T LOOK!

IT'S ALL RIGHT! DON'T STRUGGLE!

THEN...

IT MUST BE RUBBERMAN! HE SAVED HER!

VROOM!

SHREWD, IF RUTHLESS, DELAYING TACTICS, FEAR! AND FOR THIS ONE YOU'LL PAY IN PLENTY!

RUBBERMAN RACES ON UP THE HILL. BUT...

HE'S GONE! HE COULD BE ANYWHERE ALONG THIS STREET! BUT I MUST KEEP LOOKING!

A CHAMBER OF HORRORS! DOCTOR FEAR WOULD BE DRAWN TO A PLACE LIKE THAT LIKE A PIN WOULD BE DRAWN TO A MAGNET.

CHAMBER OF HORR

INSIDE THE GLOOMY WAXWORKS MUSEUM...

THAT GUY YOU DESCRIBED — HE CAME IN ALL RIGHT! HE MUST BE IN HERE SOMEWHERE.

I'LL FIND HIM! DON'T YOU STAY IN HERE — IT COULD BE DANGEROUS!

GIVE YOURSELF UP! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE NOW!

NEVER! I'LL NEVER GIVE UP ALL MY DREAMS OF POWER! NOT FOR ANYONE!

DON'T BE A FOOL, FEAR. YOU ARE NOT ARMED — AND YOU ARE CERTAINLY NO MATCH FOR ME PHYSICALLY!

GENUINE EXECUTIONER AXE

42 - 136

NOT ARMED, RUBBERMAN? THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW!

STEALTHILY, DOCTOR FEAR RAISES THE DEADLY AXE... AND WAITS TO STRIKE...

I'LL FIND YOU, FEAR! AND WHEN I DO...!

YES, YOU'LL FIND ME, RUBBERMAN... JUST A FRACTION OF A SECOND BEFORE I SPLIT YOU IN TWO!

TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT, SMASHERS — NEXT WEEK'S DRAMA WILL FRAY YOUR NERVES TO BREAKING POINT!

# Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

OH BOY! THERE'S A WESTERN ON!
UM OH BOY! HEAP PESKY FINE SCALP! ME GETTUM!
HELP! BIG CHIEF SNIPPING HAIR IS AFTER MY SCALP!
AAGH! HELP! I HAD A HAIRCUT LAST WEEK!
UM YELLOW HAIR MAKES HEAP FINE SCALP!
UM ERK!
ONE MOMENT, MY LAD! DO YOU HAVE A LICENSE FOR THAT THING?
OH, NO!
UM TOMAHAWK MAKE UM FINE COPPER CHOPPER! PITY HELMET NOT HAVE UM HAIR ON IT!
GRRR! YOU BIG RED TWAT! NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! I'LL HAVE TO SEE IF THE TELLY CAN HELP US!
USE DAMSON POLISH FOR THAT SUPER SUPER SHINE!
COO! JUST THE JOB!
A COUPLE OF RUBS AND IT WILL BE SHINING LIKE A SHEET OF GLASS, CHARLIE!
SMASHING! SMASHING! JUST HURRY UP! COME ON - LOOK SLIPPY!
AIEE!
UM HEAP CLEVER, CHARLIE! MOST UM CLEVER!
NOW ME GETTUM COPPER SCALP! HEH! HEH!
OH, NO! STOP, YOU CLOT! COME BACK!
UM AIEE!
PHEW! THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT! THE BIG OAF'S STOOD ON THE POLISH!
CHOP!

HELP! WHAT UM HAPPENING?

WHOOSH!

OH, NO! WHAT NOW? HE'S CUT THAT WATER PIPE!

WIG FACTORY

PLEASE KNOCK

CRASH!

UM GREAT BALD HEADED BUFFALO! LOOK AT ALL UM SCALPS! UM THOUSANDS!

ME NOW HAVE BEST COLLECTION OF SCALPS IN ALL UM WEST!

H'MM! THEFT AS WELL, NOW! THAT TWERP'S REALLY FOR THE HIGH JUMP!

OH, NO!

AAGH! UM NO! ME FORGOT UM SLIPPERY PAVEMENT AGAIN!

FLOP!

FLOP!

BONK!

BONK!

QUICK, SNIPPING HAIR, P.C. GRABB CAN'T SEE A THING! QUICK NOW! BACK INTO THE TELLY BEFORE HE SEES YOU!

NO NEEDUM TELL TWICE!

HUH! WE DIDN'T GET THEM ALL! THERE'S STILL ONE MISSING!

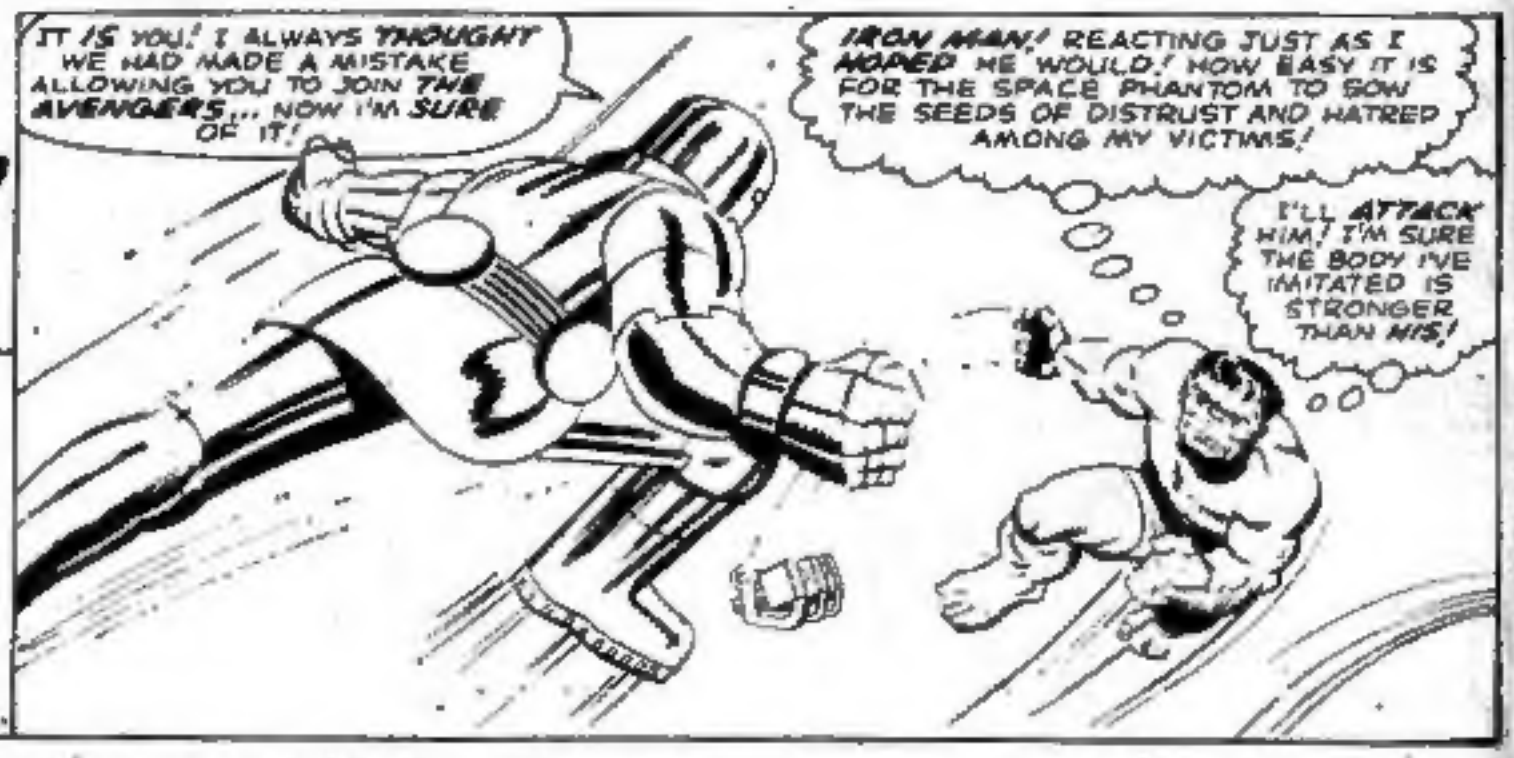
COO! SNIPPING HAIR JUST LIKE UM YELLOW HAIR, GENERAL CUSTER!

AO! NO! AND I KNOW WHERE THAT LOST WIG IS! JUST LOOK IN THERE! WHAT A BLOKE!

# THE INCREDIBLE HULK THE AVENGERS

## —AND THE SPACE PHANTOM!

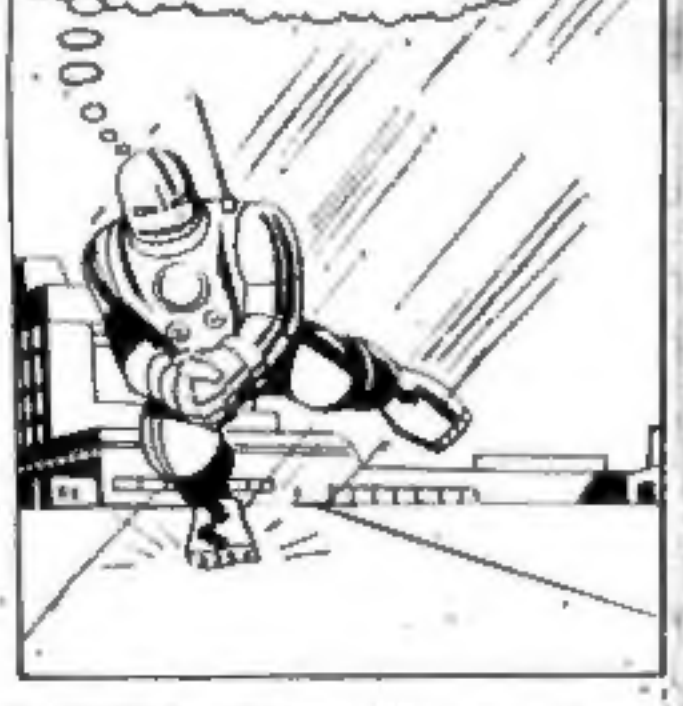
REMEMBER WHERE WE LEFT OFF LAST WEEK? THE **SPACE PHANTOM**, WHO HAS THE POWER TO TAKE OVER THE BODY OF ANYONE HE CHOOSES, HAS TAKEN THE SHAPE OF THE **INCREDIBLE HULK** AND BANISHED THE REAL HULK TO LIMBO. UNAWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED, IRON MAN OF THE AVENGERS IS ABOUT TO DO BATTLE WITH THE BEING HE THINKS IS THE **HULK**.

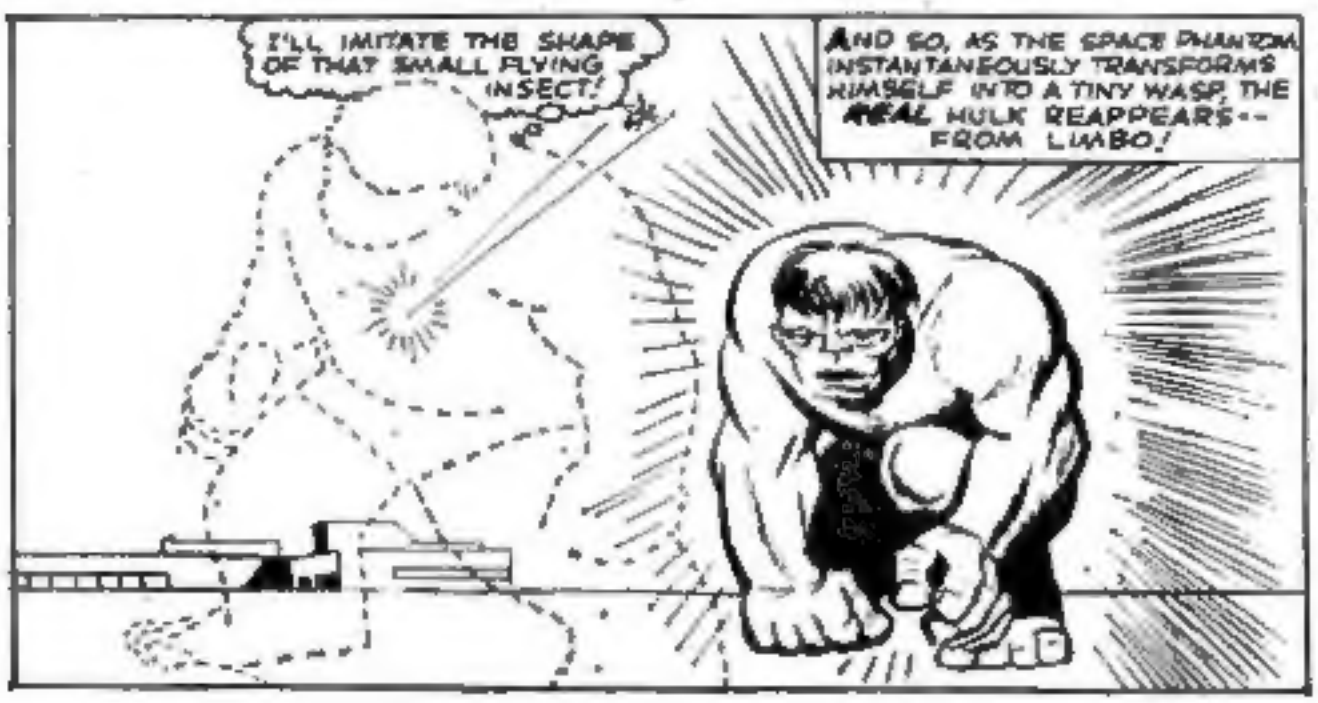

IT IS YOU! I ALWAYS THOUGHT WE HAD MADE A MISTAKE ALLOWING YOU TO JOIN THE AVENGERS... NOW I'M SURE OF IT!
IRON MAN! REACTING JUST AS I HOPED HE WOULD! HOW EASY IT IS FOR THE SPACE PHANTOM TO SOW THE SEEDS OF DISTRUST AND HATRED AMONG MY VICTIMS!
I'LL ATTACK HIM! I'M SURE THE BODY I'VE IMITATED IS STRONGER THAN MIS!

BUT, A BATTLE CAN BE WON BY *MORE* THAN STRENGTH! SEIZING THE HULK'S PONDEROUS HAND IN HIS OWN MIGHTY GRIP, *IRON MAN* SENDS A LOW VOLTAGE *ELECTRICAL CHARGE* OUT FROM HIS AMAZING, TRANSISTOR-POWERED FINGERS!

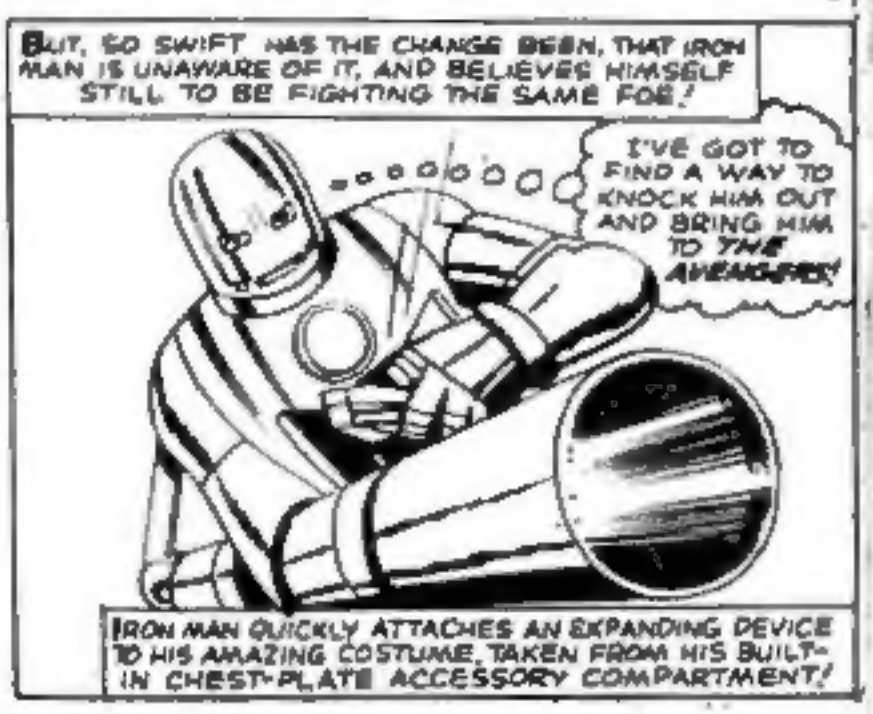
AND, WHILE THE *REAL* HULK WOULD HAVE ENDURED THE PAIN AND FOUGHT BACK IN A PARDXYSM OF SAVAGE FURY, THE SPACE PHANTOM POSSESSES NEITHER HIS COURAGE NOR HIS ALMOST LIMITLESS ENDURANCE, AND SO...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THAT ELECTRIC CHARGE WASN'T POWERFUL ENOUGH TO CAUSE THE HULK TO FLEE IN PANIC THAT WAY!! AND YET...




I'LL IMITATE THE SHAPE OF THAT SMALL FLYING INSECT!
AND SO, AS THE SPACE PHANTOM INSTANTANEOUSLY TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO A TINY WASP, THE *REAL* HULK REAPPEARS--FROM LIMBO!

BUT, SO SWIFT HAS THE CHANGE BEEN, THAT IRON MAN IS UNAWARE OF IT, AND BELIEVES HIMSELF STILL TO BE FIGHTING THE SAME FOE!


I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO KNOCK HIM OUT AND BRING HIM TO THE AVENGERS!
IRON MAN QUICKLY ATTACHES AN EXPANDING DEVICE TO HIS AMAZING COSTUME, TAKEN FROM HIS BUILT-IN CHEST-PLATE ACCESSORY COMPARTMENT!

AND THIS SHOULD BE JUST THE THING TO DO THE TRICK... WITH APOLOGIES TO THOR! STRANGE, THOUGH THIS TIME THE HULK DOESN'T LOOK FEARFUL!

CLICK

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, RICK JONES HAS REACHED THE NEAREST MEMBER OF HIS NATION-WIDE "TEEN-BRIGADE," AND IMMEDIATELY GOES INTO ACTION!

GOSH, RICK! ARE YOU REALLY GONNA CALL GIANT-MAN?!

YES, IF YOU'LL CLAM UP SO I CAN FIND THE RIGHT WAVE LENGTH!

LET'S SEE NOW..

HEY, MA... PA! COME ON IN HERE! RICK IS CALLIN' GIANT-MAN! HURRY! DON'T MISS IT!

OH, GREAT! THE AVENGERS ARE IN DEADLY DANGER, AND THAT LAMEBRAIN THINKS THIS IS A THREE-RING CIRCUS!

CALLING GIANT-MAN! CALLING GIANT-MAN!

DO YOU READ ME, GIANT-MAN?!! AN ALIEN CALLED THE SPACE PHANTOM IS IMPERSONATING THE HULK! I NEED YOUR HELP!!

SAY! THIS IS THRILLING!

WAIT TILL I TELL THE GIRLS AT MY SEWING CIRCLE!

AND, IN THE LAB OF THE ASTONISHING HENRY PYM...

SOUNDS SERIOUS, JAN! LET'S GO!

NOTE '- ONE DAY WE'LL TELL THE STORY OF THE THRILLING ORIGIN OF GIANT MAN.

HE CALLED GIANT-MAN RATHER THAN ANT-MAN, SO IT MUST BE A TOP-PRIORITY EMERGENCY!

WHILE YOU DOUBLE YOUR SIZE, I'LL BECOME MIGHTY-SIZE... HERE GOES!

DID ANYONE EVER TELL YOU THAT YOU HAVE THE MOST DELICIOUSLY BLUE EYES, HENRY PYM'S

BE SERIOUS, LITTLE ONE! I HAVE A FEELING WE'VE GOT A STRANGE AND DANGEROUS TASK AHEAD OF US!

MINUTES LATER, THEY ARE ALMOST THERE!

JOHN, LOOK!! A GIANT!!

MOLY SMOKE! AND IN COSTUME!

WHEEE I FEEL LIKE A NITCH-HIKER!

DUCKING OUT OF THE WAY WON'T HELP YOU! WAIT TILL MY NEXT SWING!

ENJOY YOURSELF WHILE YOU CAN, RUSTPOT! WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU....!!

HOLD IT!!

TAKE IT EASY, LITTLE FELLA! DON'T DO ANY-THING YOU'LL REGRET IN THE MORNING!

GIANT-MAN! LET GO YOU OVERSIZED CLOWN! HULK'S HAD THIS COMIN' FOR A LONG TIME!

STAY OUT OF THIS, HEAR? BIG AS YOU ARE, I CAN STILL DEMOLISH YOU... AND IRON MAN, TOO!

LISTEN TO ME, BOTH OF YOU! THIS IS INSANE! WE'VE NO REASON TO FIGHT AMONG OURSELVES! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US?

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'RE MAKING FOOLS OF OURSELVES! WE'RE ACTING LIKE KIDS!

GIANT-MAN! I CAN SENSE AN EVIL PRESENCE HERE! BE CAREFUL!

YOU GOT OFF PRETTY **EASY** THAT TIME, SHELL-HEAD! BUT IF YOU EVER CROSS ME **AGAIN**...!

**QUIET**, YOU BRAINLESS GARGOYLE! DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE **WASP**? SHE'S HYPERSENSITIVE TO CERTAIN STIMULI... AND SHE SENSES **TROUBLE**!

AND THE WASP'S INSTINCTS, HALF FEMALE INTU-ITION, HALF INSECT SUPER-SENSE PROVE TO BE **RIGHT**! FOR MINUTES LATER...

**GIANT-MAN'S** PARTNER! WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK FOR ME!

A **WASP**-- ATTACKING ME! BUT THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE**! UNLESS - IT'S NOT A **GENUINE** WASP!

A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, GIANT-MAN'S NEW AMAZING CYBERNETIC HELMET PICKS UP THE IMPASSIONED IMPULSES OF THE WASP'S FRANTIC BATTLE..

THE **WASP'S** IN **DANGER**!

CUTAWAY DIAGRAM OF WAFER-THIN CYBERNETIC HELMET

THE CYBERNETIC IMPULSES COME FROM THE DIRECTION OF ANTHONY STARK'S FACTORY JUST ACROSS GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY!! **FOLLOW ME!**

HE DOESN'T SUSPECT THAT I AM REALLY ANTHONY STARK! ONCE INSIDE THE FACTORY, I'LL BE FIGHTING ON MY HOME GROUNDS!

HERE WE **ARE**! BUT EVERY-THING SEEMS NORMAL!

THROUGH THIS DOOR THE IMPULSES ARE GETTING **STRONGER**!

WHY BOTHER WITH **DOORS**? I'D RATHER TEAR THE **WALLS** APART!

GUIDED TO THE WASP BY HIS SENSITIVE HELMET THE **GIANT-MAN** DOESN'T NOTICE AN ASTONISHING CHANGE TAKING PLACE BEHIND HIM AS...

I NO LONGER NEED MY WASP SHAPE! I SEE A FAR **BETTER** ONE TO "**BORROW**"!

**JAN**! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE **SAFE**!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT **ME**! LOOK **BEHIND** YOU, **QUICK**!

BUT, BEFORE THE TWELVE-FOOT HIGH ADVENTURER CAN TURN AROUND, THE SPACE PHANTOM HAS TAKEN HIS IDENTITY, CAUSING THE REAL GIANT-MAN TO BE SENT INSTANTANEOUSLY INTO LIMBO!

**FAREWELL**, GIANT-MAN! NOW I, THE SPACE PHANTOM, SHALL CONTINUE WHERE I LEFT OFF!

I'M WHIRLING INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION.. A SHADOWY, SILENT WORLD!

THANK YOU, FEMALE HUMAN, FOR ACTING AS A **DECOY** FOR **ME**!

I - I **SAW** WHAT HAPPENED! YOU'RE **NOT** GIANT-MAN! YOU'VE TAKEN HIS FORM SOMEHOW... BUT **YOU'RE NOT HIM**!

I SAW IT TOO! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU TOOK OVER GIANT-MAN'S BODY... BUT THAT MUST BE WHAT HAPPENED TO **ME**, TOO!

**SO**! MY SECRET IS OUT! WELL, NO MATTER! I REALIZE NOW THAT I HAVE **NO NEED** FOR SECRECY!

**BEGONE**, WASP! I HAVE MORE IMPORTANT VICTIMS TO SLAY!

ONCE I HAVE DESTROYED THE AVENGERS, ALL OF EARTH WILL TREMBLE BEFORE THE POWER OF **THE SPACE PHANTOM**!

YEAH?

WELL, YOU FORGOT *ONE THING!* YOU TOOK THE *BIGGEST* BODY YOU COULD FIND, BUT NOT THE *STRONGEST!* THE HULK IS MORE POWERFUL THAN A *DOZEN* GIANT MEN!

FOR THIS INDIGNITY, I WILL SLAY YOU *CLANKY!*

I'VE GOT TO GET *HELP!* IF--IF ONLY I CAN FIND *THOR!*

THIS IS ONLY A *SAMPLE* OF WHAT YOU'LL GET UNLESS YOU BRING BACK THE *REAL* GIANT-MAN! *SEE??!*

BUT MOVING WITH UNEXPECTED SPEED, THE ALIEN & THE DOUBLE-SIZED HUMAN BODY DRIVES ANTHONY STARK'S LATEST INVENTION, A TANK-LIKE MOON REACTOR STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE WAITING HULK!

*YOU* DARE THREATEN THE *SPACE PHANTOM?!*

YEAH.. I *DARE!*

*WHAM!*

*MY MOON VEHICLE!*

*GIANT-MAN! WHAT'S GOING ON?!*

HA! I AM AGILE ENOUGH TO LEAP TO SAFETY, BUT *IRON MAN* IS *NOT!*

BUT, IN ONE SPLIT-SECOND, IRON MAN PRESSES A STUD ON HIS CHEST CONTROL PANEL, CAUSING HIS IRON SUIT TO BECOME RIGID, AND MAGNETIZING HIS IRON BOOTS SOLIDLY TO THE FLOOR!

*THUMP!*

*SO!* IT SEEMS THAT *EACH* OF YOU AVENGERS IS MORE POWERFUL THAN I HAD EXPECTED! BUT NO MATTER! EVEN YOUR *COMBINED* MIGHT IS NOT GREAT ENOUGH TO SAVE YOU FROM THE SPACE PHANTOM!

BUT, THE *OTHERS* APPROACH!

I MUST ACT QUICKLY! I SHALL NOW TAKE *IRON-MAN'S* FORM! NEITHER THE HULK OR GIANT-MAN WILL SUSPECT, TILL IT IS *TOO LATE!*

TURN TWO PAGES——

# The SWOTS and the BLOTS

LET'S GO AND WATCH THE SWOTS AND BLOTS HAVIN' THEIR LUNCH—IT'S ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LAUGH!
BUT I'M NOT LAUGHING!
LOOK AT YOUR HANDS BROWN! YOU CAN'T EAT W'TH THOSE—WASH THEM THIS MINUTE!
BUT, TEACH—I ONLY WASHED THEM LAST MONTH!
WHAAAAGH! HE'S WASHING THEM IN MY SOUP!
TUM-TI TUM! ♫ THE SOUP LOOKS A BETTER COLOUR NOW! ♫
WASH!!
AND THAT'S ONLY THE START, SIGH!
GRRR! AS FOR YOU, BLOGGS—DON'T YOU KNOW YOU SHOULDN'T DRINK SOUP WITH A STRAW?
ALWAYS FEED MY PETS FIRST!

ERK
PING!
YES—I KNOW I SHOULDN'T USE A STRAW, SIR—PEAS KEEP GETTING STUCK IN IT!
CHORTLE!
NO! NO! I MUSTN'T GIVE UP—I'LL BATTLE ON UNTIL I COLLAPSE!
WHY CAN'T YOU BLOTS HAVE NICE MANNERS—LIKE THIS SWEET LITTLE SWOT HERE?
SLURP!
WHAAAGH!
SPLOSH!
SMASHING! I LOVE A SOUP BATH!

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! A BLOT MOUSE!
GRR! I'LL TEACH THOSE BLOTS SOME MANNERS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
YOU LOT CAN BASH INTO THESE GOOD MANNERS BOOKS—SO START READING!
OW!
DING!
DONG!
BANG!
CLANG!
!!! THOSE BOOKS ARE BASHING INTO US, MORE LIKE!
COO! HOW DID TEACH KNOW I'D FORGOTTEN MY HANKIE?
BLOW!
YEAH! AND HOW DID HE KNOW THAT THAT FLY WAS BOTHERING ME?
YAAAGH! MISSED ME!
SWIPE!
BANG!
THIS IS WHAT MY DAD DOES WHEN HE GOES TO SLEEP IN FRONT OF THE TELLY! GOOD NIGHT, SIR!
NNNNN
THESE BIG FAT BOOKS ARE JUST THE JOB FOR PRESSING LEAVES!
HAR! HAR! THEY WERE TOMATO LEAVES—AND YOU FORGOT TO TAKE THE TOMATOES OFF!
AAGH!
SLAM!
CLOSE!
RIGHT! THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE WAY TO TEAC.' THAT LOT GOOD MANNERS

...BY SLOSHING THEM!

BRAVO, SIR! ENCORE! ENCORE!

SKATE-

OW!

SWIPE!

YOWL!

I'LL GIVE YOU AN APPLE CORE IN A MINUTE, MATE- RIGHT UP YOUR CAKE HOLE!

AFTER SCHOOL

GRR! HE TEACHES US GOOD MANNERS IN A BLOOMING BAD-MANNERED WAY, IF YOU ASK ME.

PAIN!

THROB!

SORE!

OH, NO! HERE COME THE SWOTS! THEY'LL TAKE ALL THE SEATS ON THE BUS, BET!

BUS STOP

IT'S NOT FAIR!

UNCOUTH YOUTHS!

AFTER YOU, SWOTS!

BY GOLLY! DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WELL — THAT CANING I GAVE YOU CERTAINLY TAUGHT YOU GOOD MANNERS! YOU ARE GOOD BOYS!

'GOOD BOYS' MY FOOT! IF WE COULD SIT DOWN, WE WOULD! BUT WE CAN'T!

ROTTEN OL' TEACH!

BEWARE! DANGER MOUSE

...IN PERSON!

TEE! HEE! THIS LITTLE TUBBY MOUSE MAKES A SWELL BLOW FOOTBALL!

BLOW!

HEY! DANGER MOUSE! SAVE ME!

WHOOSH!

WANT TO PLAY BLOW FOOTBALL DO THEY?

FIRST I NEED THE BELLOWS.

NOW THIS FOOTBALL...

HEH! HEH! THIS SHOULD BLOW THE WIND OUT OF THEIR SAILS!

JUMP!

SOAP

WHOOOSH!

BLAM!

AAGH!

AAGH!

CRUNCH!

YIPE!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL REAL BLOW FOOTBALL!

WHAM!

SQUAWK!

GRRRRRR

HEH! HEH! THAT'S THE PENALTY FOR FOUL PLAY!

AS THE SPACE PHANTOM SUDDENLY ASSUMES THE IDENTITY OF *IRON-MAN*, THE REAL *GIANT-MAN* DRAMATICALLY REAPPEARS, AND...

I'M BACK FROM LIMBO!! BUT.. HOW CAN WE EVER DEFEAT THE QUICK-CHANGING SPACE PHANTOM??

*COME ON*, GIANT-MAN! DON'T JUST *STAND* THERE! HE TURNED HIMSELF INTO *IRON MAN!* I *SAW* HIM! *GRAB HIM*, BEFORE HE CAN CHANGE AGAIN!

AND, AS THE BATTLE CONTINUES IN STARK'S LONG ISLAND FACTORY, THE WASP DESPERATELY SEEKS HELP FROM THE ONE REMAINING MEMBER OF THE AVENGERS.

WE WERE TOLD TO CALL DR DON BLAKE WHEN WE WANTED *THOR!* HE KNOWS HOW TO CONTACT HIM! I'M IN LUCK... THERE'S BLAKE *NOW!*

THE WASP!!

TROUBLE AT STARK FACTORY- NEED THOR

WAIT OUTSIDE IN THE RECEPTION ROOM WHILE I SEND FOR THOR!

WILL DO, DOC!

HMM... HE'D BE REAL *DREAMY* IF HE WAS A LITTLE *HUSKIER!*

SATISFIED THAT HE IS SAFE FROM PRYING EYES, THE LAME, MILD-LOOKING DOCTOR STAMPS HIS WALKING STICK ONCE UPON THE FLOOR, AND THEN...

A STRONG COMMANDING VOICE RINGS OUT INTO THE NEXT ROOM, AS THE WASP RETURNS...

WHO SUMMONS THE GOD OF THUNDER?

I-- THE WASP!

THEN, AFTER QUICKLY TELLING HER STORY...

I DON'T THINK ANYONE REALLY SPOKE LIKE THAT! BUT WITH THOSE SHOULDERS... THOSE EYES WHO CARES *NOW* CORNY HE TA..KS!!

ON TO THE FACTORY OF TONY STARK! DEATH TO THE SPACE PHANTOM!

*IRON MAN*... USING HIS TRANSISTOR-POWERED JET STREAM DISCS TO KEEP THE HULK AND GIANT-MAN AT BAY!! *HE* MUST BE THE SPACE PHANTOM!

THOSE AIR JETS *HAVE* TO RUN OUTTA STEAM SOONER OR LATER.. AND WHEN THEY DO...!

EASY, HULK! HERE COMES THOR! NOW THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

I'M GETTING TIRED OF FLYING AROUND LIKE PETER PAN'S LITTLE TINKER BELL! IT'S TIME I *DID* SOMETHING ...AND I KNOW *JUST* THE THING TO DO!

I'M *TOO SMALL* FOR THE SPACE PHANTOM TO NOTICE... SO I'LL JUST SLIP UNDER HIS JET DISCS...

THOR!! I SNIPPED THE MAIN CONTROL CABLE.

ONCE THE SPACE PHANTOM IS DEFEATED, WE'LL FIND A WAY TO RETURN THE REAL IRON MAN!

MY JET DISC!! IT'S BEEN TAMPERED WITH!

BUT IRON MAN'S ELECTRONIC WARNING DEVICE ALERTS THE SPACE PHANTOM AT THE LAST SPLIT-SECOND, AND...

THOR'S HAMMER! I'LL TURN MY HIGH INTENSITY MAGNETIC REPULSER ON IT!

I HAVE LOST THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE! HE'S PREPARED FOR ME!

NOW THE BATTLE REACHES ITS FINAL PHASE! ONCE I HAVE VANQUISHED YOU, THOR, ALL OF EARTH WILL FEEL THE FURY OF THE ATTACK BY THE PHANTOMS FROM SPACE!

NOT SO, THOU BRAGGART! EARTH IS UNDER MY PROTECTION... THIS I HAVE PLEDGED WITH MY LIFE!

BEHOLD HOW THE FURY OF THE STORM IS MINE TO COMMAND! SEE HOW THE VERY ELEMENTS OBEY MY WILL!

HE POUNDED THAT HAMMER OF HIS AND THIS THUNDER-STORM STARTED! I CAN FEEL THE RAIN AFFECTING MY IRON ARMOUR

THERE! YOU ARE HELPLESS NOW... UNABLE TO MOVE! FOR THE TORRENTIAL RAIN HAS RUSTED YOU... COMPLETELY!

SUCH OVER-CONFIDENCE WILL CAUSE YOUR DOWNFALL THE SAME AS IT DID THE OTHERS!

I DO NOT NEED THE POWER TO MOVE! NOT WHEN I CAN IMITATE ANYONE I CHOOSE!

AND SO, FOR THE FINAL INDIGNITY TO YOU, I CHOOSE YOUR BODY, THOR! AND I SENTENCE YOU NOW TO... LIMBO!

BUT NO SOONER ARE THE WORDS SPOKEN, THAN THE TOTALLY UNEXPECTED OCCURS!

NO! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! I- I'M GOING TO LIMBO INSTEAD OF YOU! B-BUT HOW?!

YOUR POWER ONLY AFFECTS HUMANS! BUT I AM THE GOD OF THUNDER!

AND AS THE SPACE PHANTOM'S POWER BACK-FIRES AGAINST HIM, THE REAL IRON MAN RETURNS FROM LIMBO... HAVING BEEN RE-PLACED BY THE AWESOME ALIEN HIMSELF!

I- I AM BACK!

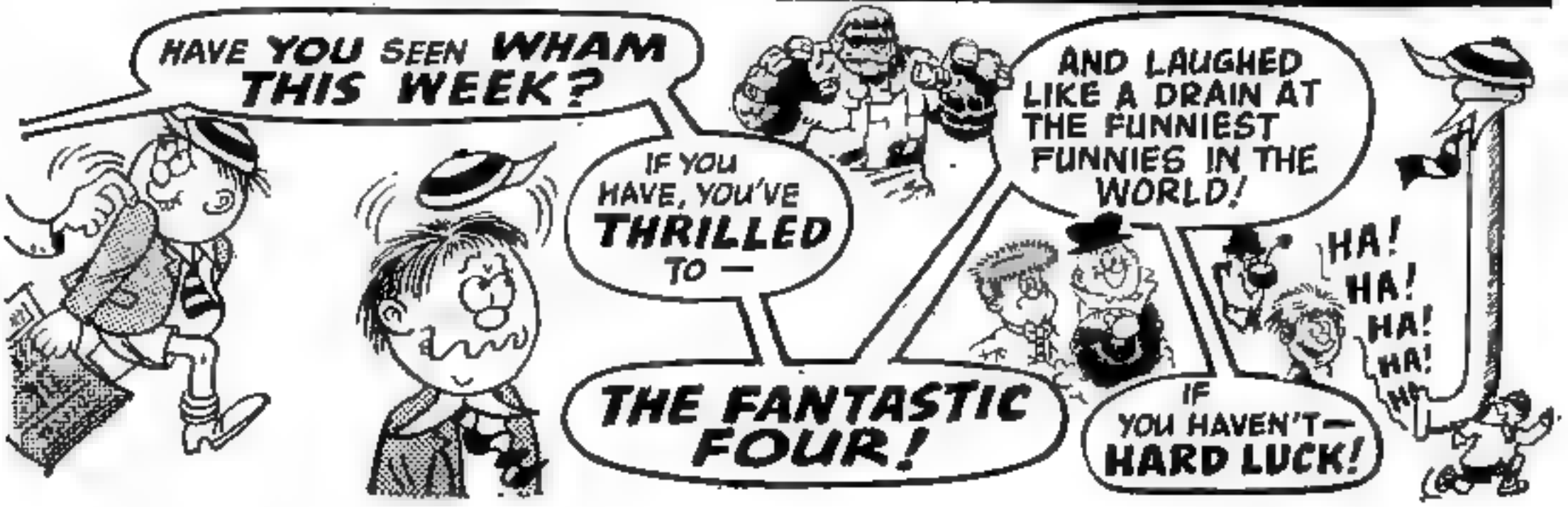
IT IS ENDED, IRON MAN! WE HAVE WON!

BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE SPACE PHANTOM RETURNS?
HE'S NOT LIKELY TO! HE'LL HAVE TO REMAIN IN LIMBO UNTIL SOMEONE COMES TO REPLACE HIM!
THAT MEANS HE STAYS, THERE FOREVER!

IT IS STRANGE... FOR MOST OF OUR BATTLE, WE THOUGHT WE WERE FIGHTING EACH OTHER! WE NEVER SUSPECTED!
I NEVER SUSPECTED HOW MUCH EACH OF YOU HATE ME, DEEP DOWN! I COULD TELL BY THE WAY YOU FOUGHT ME... BY THE REMARKS YOU MADE!

WELL, I DON'T NEED ANY OF YOU! I'M STILL THE HULK!
I'M STILL THE STRONGEST THING WALKIN' THE EARTH!
AND WHATEVER I DO FROM NOW ON I DO ALONE!

DID YOU, LIKE US, ALWAYS FEEL IN YOUR HEART THAT THE **INCREDIBLE HULK** IS TOO MUCH OF A LONE WOLF TO STAY WITH THE AVENGERS? BUT ALTHOUGH HE'S QUIT THEIR TEAM, THIS DOESN'T MEAN HE DOESN'T MEET THEM AGAIN. THEY COME FACE TO FACE IN THE TREMENDOUS YARN WHICH BEGINS NEXT WEEK— A YARN IN WHICH THE **HULK** AND THE FANTASTIC **SUB-MARINER** SLUG IT OUT WITH THE AVENGERS IN—OF ALL PLACES—GIBRALTAR! AND WHEN THE **HULK** REALLY GETS STEAMED UP EVEN THE MIGHTY ROCK OF GIBRALTAR STANDS IN PERIL OF BEING POUNDED TO POWDER!


HAVE YOU SEEN WHAM THIS WEEK?
IF YOU HAVE, YOU'VE THRILLED TO —
THE FANTASTIC FOUR!
AND LAUGHED LIKE A DRAIN AT THE FUNNIEST FUNNIES IN THE WORLD!
IF YOU HAVEN'T— HARD LUCK!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

# Write to SMASH— and *LOOK* a SMASHER in a...

To: *SMASH!*,
*64 LONG ACRE,*
*LONDON, W.C.2.*

# HULK ✳ SWEATSHIRT!

**We really set the beehives buzzing a few issues back when for two weeks we published the same Fantastic Four adventure in both SMASH and WHAM. But despite what some people thought, we hadn't blown all our head fuses. And we weren't trying to short-change anybody—Upright Alf and Honest Cos, that's us! Anyway, we're sure you all realise now that we were only doing it for you. You see, the Fantastic Four were due to start off on their own regular series in WHAM and they will also be guest starring from time to time in SMASH: So it was important that both SMASH *and* WHAM readers were fully informed on how the Fantastic Four came into being—and that astounding story took us two weeks to tell. But we think you'll agree that it was all worthwhile, because now all SMASH readers can fully enjoy the F F. when they appear from time to time in SMASH And, knowing the complete background to Reed Richards, Sue Storm, the Human Torch and the THING, WHAM READERS CAN GET maximum enjoyment from reading about their adventures each week in WHAM! So now you know.**

Dear Alf and Cos

I am "MAD" because you can't buy Hulk T shirts. When I received edition No. 25 I saw the Hulk shirts and I was glad because I thought you could buy them. But no. you had to get a letter printed. So please will you sell them instead as I am a boy who never gets anything printed

Nigel Toombs.

Grimsby Lines.

P.S. What does Cos stand for?

*Just to prove you wrong, Nigel, we're printing your letter.*

*Alf and Cos*

*P.S. For the answer to your P.S. see the SMASH letters' page issue 33.*

Dear Head-hitters, Alf and Cos.

Everyone seems to send you SMASH popularity polls, so here is mine (just to add to the general confusion!)

No 14 Mr. Knowall (Some of his tricks are very good and I like The Man from B I N G I F I)

No 4 Charlie's Choice

No 13 Ghost Patrol. (Not as bad as some people seem to think.)

No 12 Ronnie Rich. (Hope he doesn't get his £1,000,000 yet.)

No 11 Grimly Feendish

No 10 Percy's Pets (I like drawing them.)

No. 9 Queen of the Seas

No. 8 Bad Penny. (Who says girls are the weaker sex?)

No. 7 The Tellybugs

No 6 The Swots and the Blots

Joint No 5 The Nervs and Alf and Cos (You are about the only English comic with a letter page in which the readers write in about the comic itself!)

No. 4 Rubberman. (Hope Jim doesn't become normal for a long time yet. Dr Fear is your best villain yet!)

No. 3 Batman. (Your best idea yet, having the rage of the century in Smash!)

No 2 The Hulk (Nice to read the old Hulk tales which I missed in Marvel comics. Give him 8 pages again.)

No. 1 The Legend Testers. (My favourite 'cos it's spooky and exciting. Give it 8 pages again!)

These all add up to make Smash the greatest comic on the market

P.S. Hope you like the green ink!

George Gladden,

Bourne Lines.

*Yes, we liked the green ink and so did the HULK. It matches his green skin. And we liked your letter too.*

*Alf and Cos*

**EVEN RONNIE RICH CAN'T BUY A HULK SWEATSHIRT! YOU CAN ONLY WIN ONE FREE WITH A LETTER TO SMASH!**

Dear Sirs.

Hurry Hurry! I must dash!
Today's the day that I get SMASH!
My favourite feature is the *HULK!*
If the shop's sold out I will sulk!
Second best is for sure
The Marvelous' Greatest' Fantastic Four'
The "NERVS" that are in Fatty's tummy
Are extremely very funny!
Ronnie Rich the millionaire
Makes me laugh from toe to hair
The Swots and Blots are such clots,
Especially when Billy ate a three pound box of chocs
The whole of SMASH I think is great!
I'm off to the newsagents before I'm late

I thought this better than a letter. I hope I get A FREE HULK SWEATER!

Christopher Higginson.

Rayleigh Essex

*Your hopes are realised, Chris. The HULK sweatshirt is on its way to you.*

Dear Smash.

I would like to congratulate you on printing such a super comic as this would you please answer a few questions for me? *Who did you name this comic SMASH, and who is it the best comic in the world?*

I think Hulk is terrific.

Janet Hayward

Congleton, Cheshire

P.S. If you do think that this letter is suitable for publishing, I would like an Incredible Hulk Swinging sweat shirt, even though I am a girl.

*Who did we name this comic SMASH? Well, it just wouldn't sound right if we called it anything else, now would it? And who is it the best comic in the world? That's easy to answer. It's because we're determined to be worthy of the best readers in the world.*

*Alf and Cos.*

Dear Alf and Cos.

I used to get SMASH easily when it came out on Thursdays, but now it comes out on Mondays some mes none of the shops have it. My friend says the same. Why can't you do something about it?

Clifford Adams.

Rotherham,

*It isn't the change of publishing day that has caused the shortage, Clifford. It's just that more and more comic fans are getting to know about SMASH and it just disappears from the newsagent shops more quickly than all the brand X comics. All you can do is ask your newsagent to deliver it or else reserve it for you each week.*

*Alf and Cos*

**We're at the end of our page again. If we only had the space there are so many more letters we'd like to publish. Apologies in particular to Susan Hoag—we loved your punchy drawing of Batman. And your drawings of the Hulk, David Hepplestall. And thanks, Dean Webber, for sending us those two HULK stories—we had one of them in the office already, but the other one was new to us. And just as we're writing this we received your letter, Ray Noble, sending us four Marvel Mags to read. Thanks Ray. Thanks, in fact, to all of you—and we promise to demonstrate those thanks by making SMASH! better than ever!**

**WHAT DO YOU WANT?**

**Fill in this form—send it in with your letters, and your wish will be our command.**

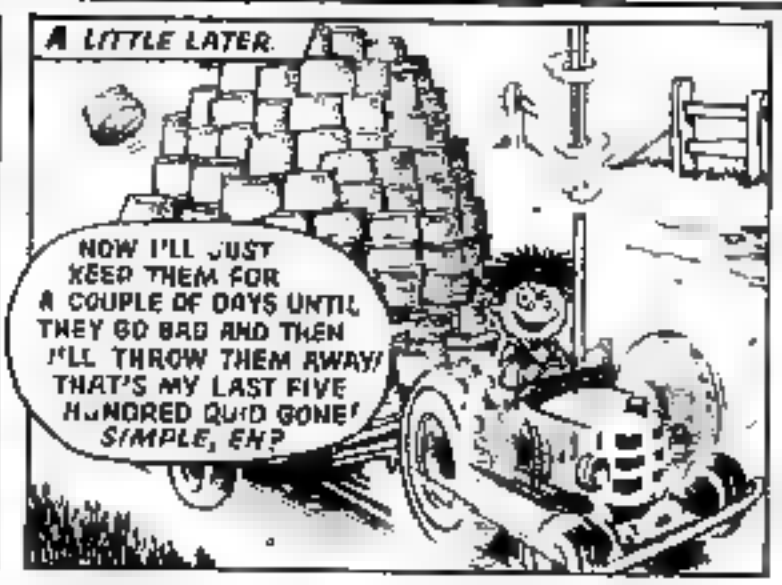
**My favourite feature in SMASH! is:**

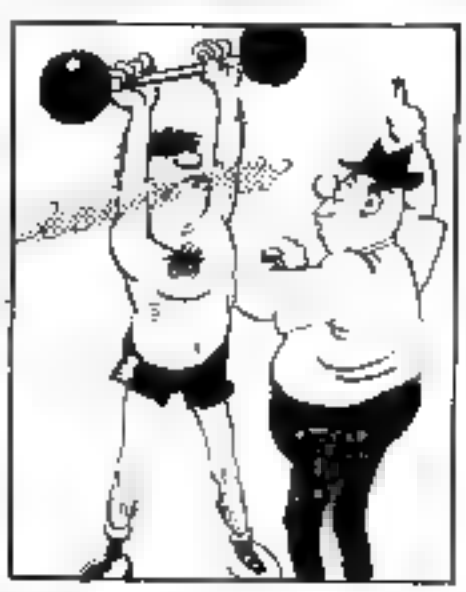
**The feature I don't like is**

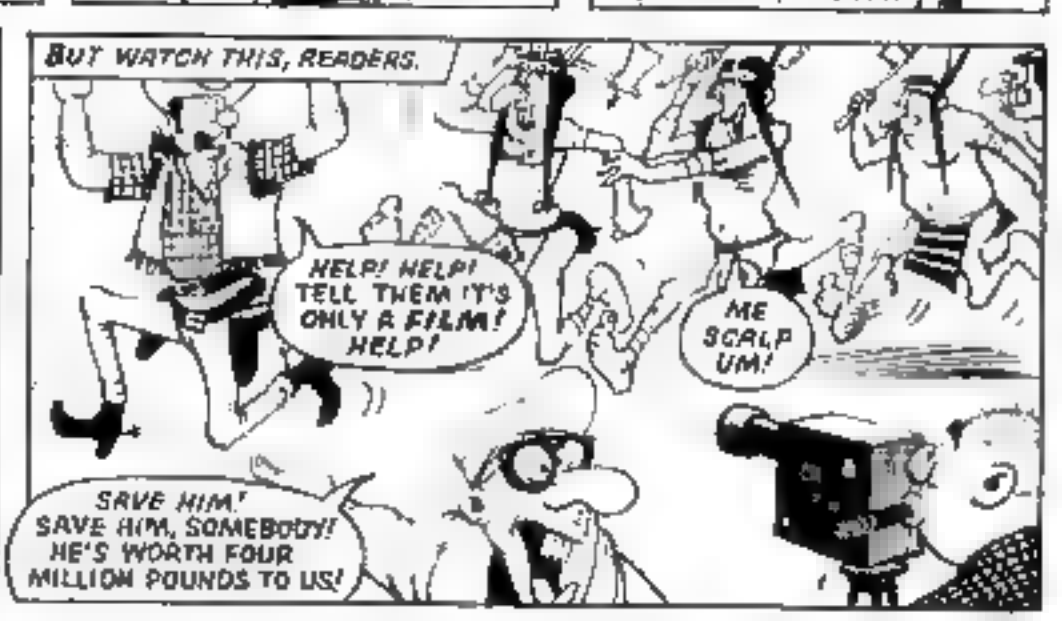
**To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2**

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

# RONNIE RICH


A LITTLE LATER.
NOW I'LL JUST KEEP THEM FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS UNTIL THEY GO BAD AND THEN I'LL THROW THEM AWAY! THAT'S MY LAST FIVE HUNDRED QUID GONE! SIMPLE, EH?




BUT WATCH THIS, READERS.
HELP! HELP! TELL THEM IT'S ONLY A FILM! HELP!
ME SCALP UM!
SAVE HIM! SAVE HIM, SOMEBODY! HE'S WORTH FOUR MILLION POUNDS TO US!

KEEP EVERY PENNY, BOY! YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! IF THOSE REDSKINS HAD GOT MY LEADING MAN IT WOULD HAVE COST ME MILLIONS!
BAH! FOUR HUNDRED QUID! IT ISN'T FAIR!
POOR OLD RON! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO BE BROKE!

THEY DON'T COME ANY TOUGHER THAN...

# TUFFY McGREW

REMEMBER, TUFFY— A SCOUT IS ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR GOOD THINGS TO DO, LIKE—ER— HELPING OLD LADIES TO CROSS THE ROAD!

DUH-DUH— DUH— WELL, SIR!

— BRING A GILLY IDEA TO ME! AHA! THERE'S THREE LITTLE OLD LADIES!

BUS STOP

PUT ME DOWN! HELP! POLICE!

DON'T WORRY, LITTLE OLD LADIES! I'LL SOON HAVE YOU SAFELY ACROSS THE ROAD —!

BUS STOP

THERE YOU ARE — PHEW! THAT'S MY GOOD DEED FOR TODAY!

CRUNCH!

THERE GOES OUR BUS!

SLOPSHIRE TRANSPORT

WE DIDN'T WANT TO CROSS THE ROAD, WE WERE WAITING FOR THAT BUS!

DON'T WORRY, LADIES! I'LL STOP THE BUS FOR YOU!

GRAB!

GURRRRR!

HURRY UP, LADIES! I'M HOLDING THE BUS FOR YOU!

YOU DIMWIT! YOU'VE BROKE ME BUS!

AND MADE US LATE FOR BINGO!

HAVE wHAM + sMASH FOR DINNER!!

EACH HIM!

OH! OOOH! EEK!

— ERK! MY HEAD'S SO FULL OF BUMPS, I CAN'T GET MY HAT ON!

BAH!— IT'S USELESS!

CRACK!

WHOOSH!

HELP! THE LAMP'S FALLING DOWN!

— THAT COULD BE DANGEROUS!

ZOOM!

PLOP!

SCREAM! HELP! EEK!

I'M GLAD I'M NOT A SCOUT ANY MORE — PEOPLE SEEM TO RESPECT YOU MORE WHEN YOU'RE A MARTIAN!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

# THE LEGEND TESTERS

I SMELL MEN...!

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, ARE SEARCHING FOR THE CROWN OF ZEUS IN OLYMPUS, THE LEGENDARY HOME OF THE ANCIENT GREEK GODS.

BUT FATE HAS LED THEIR WANDERING STEPS INTO THE LABYRINTH— HOME OF THE DREADED MINATAUR!

AND WHEREVER THOSE MEN ARE, I SHALL FIND THEM!

HOPELESSLY LOST IN THE BEWILDERING MAZE, ROLLO AND DANNY FORCE THEMSELVES ON ONCE MORE THROUGH THE TWISTING, BAFFLING PASSAGES.

IS THERE A WAY OUT OF THIS DREADFUL PLACE OR ARE WE DOOMED TO WANDER IN IT FOR EVER?

BUT THESE BONES ARE FRESH— AND PICKED CLEAN OF FLESH!

COULD IT BE THAT SOMEWHERE WITHIN THIS PLACE LURKS SOME **THING** WHICH HAS KILLED THESE POOR WRETCHES— AND THEN DEVOURED THEM?

ROLLO THERE'S SOMEONE CROSSING THIS PASSAGE! TREADING CONFIDENTLY AS THOUGH HE KNOWS HIS WAY

HE'LL BE ABLE TO LEAD US OUT OF HERE WE'RE SAVED!

LOOK! THERE HAVE BEEN OTHERS BEFORE US WHO HAVE FAILED TO ESCAPE FROM HERE! I WONDER HOW MANY YEARS THEIR BONES HAVE BEEN MOULDERING HERE.?

AT DANNY'S EAGER SHOUT THE FIGURE HALTS AND SWINGS ROUND AND THE NEW-BORN HOPE DRAINS FROM DANNY'S EYES AS HE SEES BEFORE HIM AN AWSOME, INHUMAN FACE!

NOW I KNOW WHERE WE ARE, DANNY! THIS IS THE LABYRINTH— AND THAT—*THAT IS THE MINATAUR!*

*A FIST LIKE A CLUB SENDS DANNY HURTLING AGAINST THE STONE WALL*

DANNY!

UGH!

*FOR A MOMENT, THE MINATAUR PAUSES. AND INTO ITS EYES THERE ENTERS A LOOK WHICH IS ALMOST HUMAN A LOOK OF MINGLED ENVY AND RESPECT.*

ONLY A **MAN** COULD BE SO FOOLISH AS TO SPEAK AND ACT AS YOU DO!

*THEN THE CREATURE'S MOOD CHANGES SO SWIFTLY DOES IT STRIKE AT ROLLO THAT HE IS HAMMERED DOWN BEFORE HE CAN MOVE A MUSCLE*

AH!..

*AND INSTANTLY, DANNY THROWS HIMSELF BETWEEN THE MONSTER AND DANNY'S STILL FORM*

THESE BARE HANDS ARE MY ONLY WEAPONS! BUT FOR AS LONG AS I HAVE THE STRENGTH TO USE THEM YOU SHALL NOT TOUCH MY COMRADE!

*THEN THE MINATAUR RETRACES HIS STEPS THROUGH THE TWISTING PASSAGES EFFORTLESSLY DRAGGING BEHIND HIM THE LIMP FORMS OF THE LEGEND TESTERS*

*WHEN ROLLO AND DANNY STRUGGLE BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS THEY ARE IN THE VERY CENTRE OF THE LABYRINTH*

OUCH! MY HEAD

WHERE ARE WE. ? WHAT HAPPENED?

*THEN THEY SEE THE HIDEOUS FORM THAT WATCHES THEM, AND MEMORY COMES FLOODING BACK*

WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT US HERE ? WHY DID YOU NOT SLAY US WHERE YOU FOUND US?

BECAUSE THERE IS **ONE THING** I WANT OF YOU HERE IN THE HEART OF MY DOMAIN BEFORE YOU DIE WANT TO HEAR YOU SAY WITH YOUR HUMAN TONGUES THAT I AM MORE HUMAN THAN I AM BEAST!

LOOK AT ME! MY BODY IS FORMED AS **YOURS** ARE ONLY MY HEAD IS THAT OF A BULL **NOW— SAY THE WORDS! SAY THEM!**

WHETHER WE DO AS HE SAYS OR NOT—WE DIE ANYWAY! GUESS WE BOTH KNEW OUR LUCK WAS GOING TO RUN OUT SOONER OR LATER ROLLO AND THIS IS THE MOMENT!

DON'T GIVE UP HOPE YET, DANNY WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE **ONE SLIM, SLENDER CHANCE!**

*SOME OF YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED THAT WE'VE ONLY GIVEN YOU SEVENTEEN PICTURES OF ROLLO AND DANNY THIS WEEK INSTEAD OF THE USUAL EIGHTEEN WE DIDN'T WANT TO BE MEAN, BUT IF WE'D GIVEN YOU EVEN **ONE** MORE PICTURE YOU MIGHT HAVE GUESSED THE SURPRISE THAT WE'RE SAVING UP FOR YOU*

**NEXT WEEK!**

# GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD!

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

HEH! HEH! ENGLAND WON THE WORLD CUP—SO WITH ALL THE SCOTS, WELSH, IRISH AND ISLE OF MAN BLOOD IN MY VEINS, I'LL BE PATRIOTIC AN' PINCH IT! SNIGGER! SNIGGER!

BATMAN?

YOU LIKE? MEET GRIMLY PELE, FOOTBALLER EXTRAORDINARY! THIS WILL FOOL THE GUARDS!

HERO WORSHIP!

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION

WHOOSH!

I'M IN THEIR HALF WITH NO TROUBLE!

R-RIP!

D.D YOU SEE THAT CRAZY FOOTWORK? NOW WATCH THIS! I THINK I'LL TAKE A PENALTY! HEH! HEH!

PLOMP!

GOAL! HEH! HEH! BUTTERFINGERS!

150 M.P.H. ZOOM!

WHOMP!

THUD!

R-RING!

HEE! HEE! GRIMLY UNITED WINS THE CUP! SNIGGER! IT WAS JUST TOO EASY!

STOP HIM! THAT'S THAT FIEND GRIMLY FEENDISH! HE'S PINCHING THE CUP!

R-RING RING!

ODER! I'VE BEEN SPOTTED! I'LL HAVE TO USE EMERGENCY PLAN NUMBER 159!

HEH! HEH! THIS IS A SPECIAL TYPE OF FOOTBALL!

FIZZZ!

FIZZZ!

CATCH! HEE-HEE!

BOOM!

HO! HO! HOW WAS THAT FOR AN EXPLOSIVE SHOT?

THUNDER OF EFFLANTS!

HEY! LEAVE THAT ALONE! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH A WHISTLE?

JIMMY GRIEF

PHEEP!

JIMMY GRIEF

OH, NO!

EEOW! ARGH! NO! HE'S WHISTLED UP A COP DOG! WHY DID I HAVE TO WEAR THAT REF'S WHISTLE?

JIMMY GRIEF

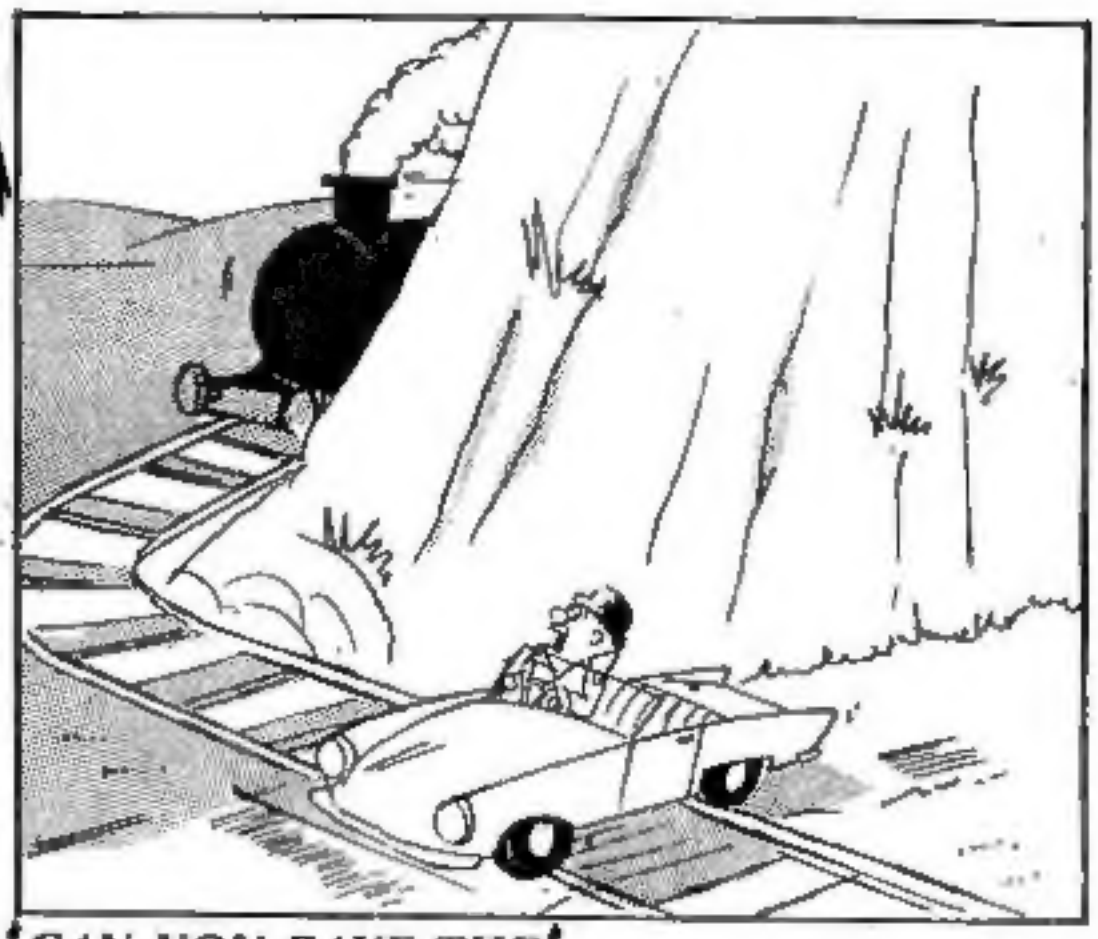
BITE!

BOO-HOO! BOO-HOO! IT'S NOT FAIR! I NEVER WIN!

HO! HO! POOR OLD GRIMLY! A DOG'S SAVED THE CUP AGAIN!

# MEET... Mister Knowall *

**He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!**



Stephen Hiscock of Dudley in Worcester writes to show us all how we can discover the age of any person without them actually telling us. It's a fascinating trick. So, over to you, Stephen...

## MAGIC AGE CARDS

Glue these seven slips onto stiff card (postcards are fine) and cut out each one. Give all the slips to someone asking them to hand back to you every slip on which their age appears. To tell them their age, you simply add up every number in the top left hand corner of the slips they return to you. It works every time, Knowalls.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 4 | 8 | 16 | 32 | 64 |
| 3 | 3 | 5 | 9 | 17 | 33 | 65 |
| 5 | 6 | 6 | 10 | 18 | 34 | 66 |
| 7 | 7 | 7 | 11 | 19 | 35 | 67 |
| 9 | 10 | 12 | 12 | 20 | 36 | 68 |
| 11 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 21 | 37 | 69 |
| 13 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 22 | 38 | 70 |
| 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 23 | 39 | 71 |
| 17 | 18 | 20 | 24 | 24 | 40 | 72 |
| 19 | 19 | 21 | 25 | 25 | 41 | 73 |
| 21 | 22 | 22 | 26 | 26 | 42 | 74 |
| 23 | 23 | 23 | 27 | 27 | 43 | 75 |
| 25 | 26 | 28 | 28 | 28 | 44 | 76 |
| 27 | 27 | 29 | 29 | 29 | 45 | 77 |
| 29 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 46 | 78 |
| 31 | 31 | 31 | 31 | 31 | 47 | 79 |
| 33 | 34 | 36 | 40 | 48 | 48 | 80 |
| 35 | 35 | 37 | 41 | 49 | 49 | 81 |
| 37 | 38 | 38 | 42 | 50 | 50 | 82 |
| 39 | 39 | 39 | 43 | 51 | 51 | 83 |
| 41 | 42 | 44 | 44 | 52 | 52 | 84 |
| 43 | 43 | 45 | 45 | 53 | 53 | 85 |
| 45 | 46 | 46 | 46 | 54 | 54 | 86 |
| 47 | 47 | 47 | 47 | 55 | 55 | 87 |
| 49 | 50 | 52 | 56 | 56 | 56 | 88 |
| 51 | 51 | 53 | 57 | 57 | 57 | 89 |
| 53 | 54 | 54 | 58 | 58 | 58 | 90 |
| 55 | 55 | 55 | 59 | 59 | 59 | 91 |
| 57 | 58 | 60 | 60 | 60 | 60 | 92 |
| 59 | 59 | 61 | 61 | 61 | 61 | 93 |
| 61 | 62 | 62 | 62 | 62 | 62 | 94 |
| 63 | 63 | 63 | 63 | 63 | 63 | 95 |
| 65 | 66 | 68 | 72 | 80 | 96 | 96 |
| 67 | 67 | 69 | 73 | 81 | 97 | 97 |
| 69 | 70 | 70 | 74 | 82 | 98 | 98 |
| 71 | 71 | 71 | 75 | 83 | 99 | 99 |
| 73 | 74 | 76 | 76 | 84 | 100 | 100 |
| 75 | 75 | 77 | 77 | 85 | 101 | 101 |
| 77 | 78 | 78 | 78 | 86 | 102 | 102 |
| 79 | 79 | 79 | 79 | 87 | 103 | 103 |
| 81 | 82 | 84 | 88 | 88 | 104 | 104 |
| 83 | 83 | 85 | 89 | 89 | 105 | 105 |
| 85 | 86 | 86 | 90 | 90 | 106 | 106 |
| 87 | 87 | 87 | 91 | 91 | 107 | 107 |
| 89 | 90 | 92 | 92 | 92 | 108 | 108 |
| 91 | 91 | 93 | 93 | 93 | 109 | 109 |
| 93 | 94 | 94 | 94 | 94 | 110 | 110 |
| 95 | 95 | 95 | 95 | 95 | 111 | 111 |
| 97 | 98 | 100 | 104 | 112 | 112 | 112 |
| 99 | 99 | 101 | 105 | 113 | 113 | 113 |
| 101 | 102 | 102 | 106 | 114 | 114 | 114 |
| 103 | 103 | 103 | 107 | 115 | 115 | 115 |
| 105 | 106 | 108 | 108 | 116 | 116 | 116 |
| 107 | 107 | 109 | 109 | 117 | 117 | 117 |
| 109 | 110 | 110 | 110 | 118 | 118 | 118 |
| 111 | 111 | 111 | 111 | 119 | 119 | 119 |
| 113 | 114 | 116 | 120 | 120 | 120 | 120 |
| 115 | 115 | 117 | 121 | 121 | 121 | 121 |
| 117 | 118 | 118 | 122 | 122 | 122 | 122 |
| 119 | 119 | 119 | 123 | 123 | 123 | 123 |
| 121 | 122 | 124 | 124 | 124 | 124 | 124 |
| 123 | 123 | 125 | 125 | 125 | 125 | 125 |
| 125 | 126 | 126 | 126 | 126 | 126 | 126 |
| 127 | 127 | 127 | 127 | 127 | 127 | 127 |

## CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E?

The Man From B.U.N.G.L.E. is glued to his seat by this week's adventure. And Dr Doom has used a special hard setting glue to make sure our agent can't escape before an express thundering round the bend right now clobbers his stranded car. The cunning crook has staged it all to look like an accident. Bungle can reach the controls: the ignition is switched on—BUT THE PETROL TANK IS EMPTY!

Can you see how BUNGLE can escape?—or are you going to give in and look below for the answer!

## Ask Mr. Knowall

Yes, if you've got any questions, Old Big Head himself will answer them. But please don't send him your homework—he's got enough with his own (and we're not telling you her name!).

Anne Davies of Cardiff started it all. She says that when she went to her newsagent's for Smash on a Saturday, he told her she "WAS JUMPING THE GUN" by asking for the paper before he'd even received it.

She thought it was a funny saying and wrote to ask me if I knew how it started.

*Well, Anne, think of a sports meeting with the runners crouched, tensed for the starting pistol to fire.*

*Sometimes, one of them in his eagerness bounds from his mark before the shot cracks out.*

*He is, of course, "jumping the gun!"*

*The saying has come to apply to anyone who acts before they should—like you, Anne, asking for your comic before time.*

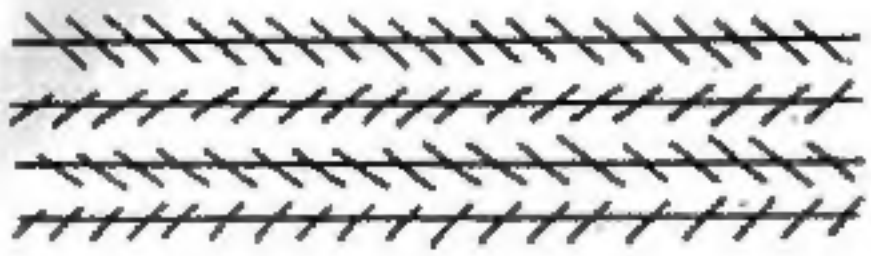
I don't blame you for trying to make sure of your copy. But why not just fill in the coupon on this page and take it to your newsagent. Then he'll make sure of SMASH for you every week!

* * *

## EAR EARS!

CAN YOU DRAW THREE BUNNIES WITH ONLY THREE EARS BETWEEN THEM—YET GIVING EACH OF THE BUNNIES TWO EARS? HERE IS HOW IT'S DONE!

## Which of these lines are parallel?



**ANSWER:**

ALL THE LINES ARE PARALLEL!

## 10/- for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr Knowall at the address below. If it's printed you win 10/-. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

To: Mr Knowall, SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Borrow a packet of cigarettes from Dad. Holding it up, say to him: "I am now going to make one cigarette packet, one cigarette lighter!"

How do you achieve this miracle? Simple. Saying "Abracadubra!" You take one cigarette from the packet—*making it one cigarette lighter!*

## Did You Save B.U.N.G.L.E?

If BUNGLE pulls the self-starter with the car in gear, it will jerk the vehicle forward a few inches at a time even if the vehicle is out of petrol.

In this way our agent can jerk himself to safety—and live to get into another puzzling problem for you to solve Next Week!

**MAKE SURE OF SMASH!**

Fill in this coupon—and take it to your newsagent.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

PLEASE *DELIVER/RESERVE ME A COPY OF SMASH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

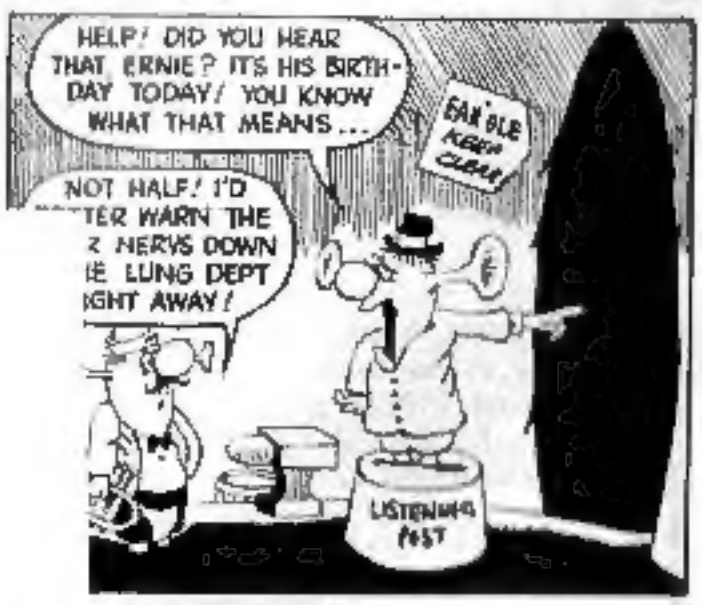
Signature of Parent or Guardian .....

*Delete as necessary

# THE NERVS

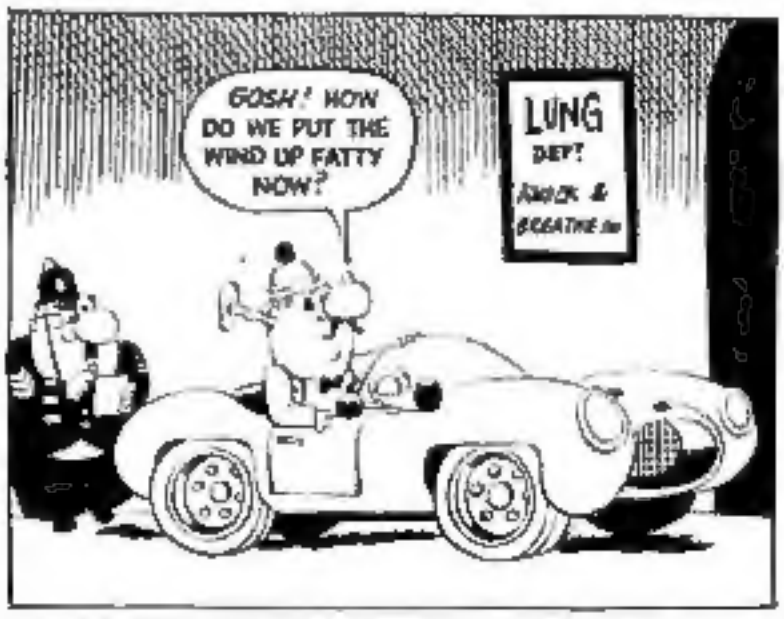
SLURP! SLURP!
HERE COMES
THE INCREDIBLE
HULK

OH, NO, YOU DON'T! YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANYTHING TO EAT JUST NOW! YOUR BIRTHDAY PARTY IS ONLY AN HOUR AWAY! YOU'LL SPOIL YOUR APPETITE!
AW, MUM! I'M STARVING!

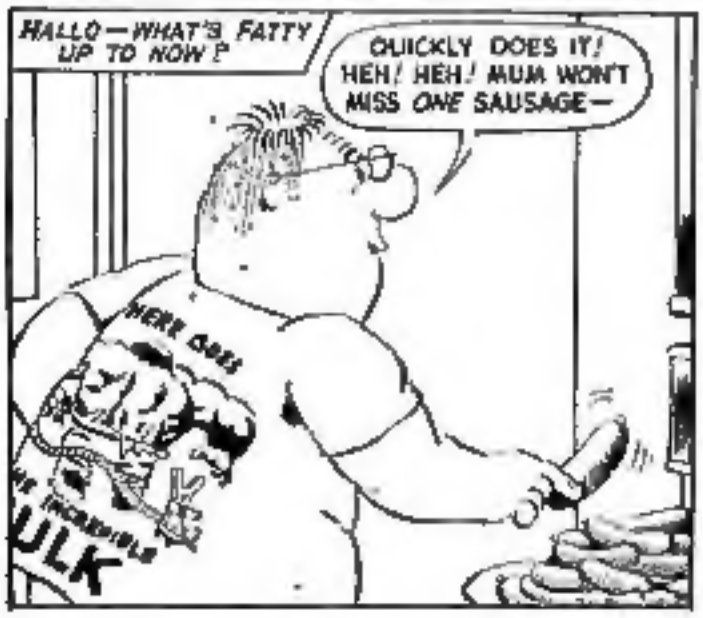

HELP! DID YOU HEAR THAT, ERNIE? IT'S HIS BIRTHDAY TODAY! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS...
EAR ABLE KEEP CLEAR
NOT HALF! I'D TER WARN THE NERVS DOWN E LUNG DEPT GHT AWAY!
LISTENING POST

VAROOOM!
GAS-TYPE 3X6
LUNG LANE

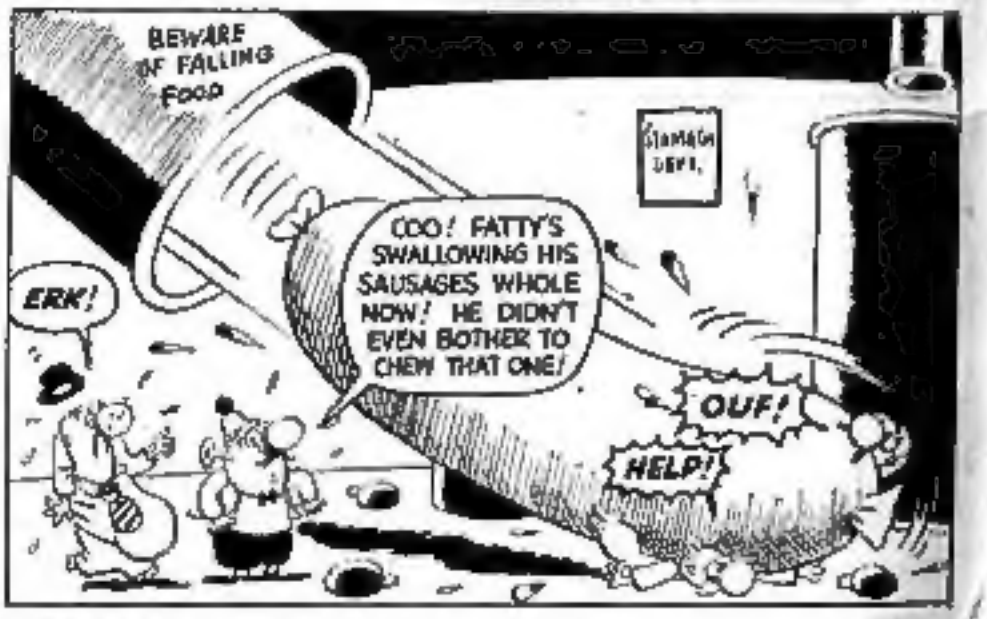
HEEZE!
SSSSS!
FATTY'S BIRTHDAY. BETTER GET UP LOTS IND TO BLOW OUT THE E CANDLES ON HIS CAKE!
WHAT A HOPE! THIS AIR PUMP'S HAD IT! IT'S TAKING US ALL OUR TIME TO KEEP THE FAT SLOB BREATHING!


GOSH! HOW DO WE PUT THE WIND UP FATTY NOW?
LUNG DEPT
SUCK & BLOW

SCREEECH!!


HALLO—WHAT'S FATTY UP TO NOW?
QUICKLY DOES IT! HEH! HEH! MUM WON'T MISS ONE SAUSAGE—
HERE COES
THE INCREDIBLE
HULK

GULP! DOWN IN ONE! SLURP!
HERE COMES


BEWARE OF FALLING FOOD
STOMACH DEPT.
COO! FATTY'S SWALLOWING HIS SAUSAGES WHOLE NOW! HE DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO CHEW THAT ONE!
ERK!
OUF!
HELP!

GOSH! THIS MIGHT HELP! MIND IF I TAKE THE SKIN OFF THE SAUSAGE, LADS?

NOT AT ALL, ERNIE! HELP YOURSELF! YOU'RE IN LUCK— HE USUALLY EATS SKINLESS SAUSAGES!

NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS FILL THIS UP WITH AIR AND WE DON'T NEED THAT OLD AIR PUMP IN THE LUNG DEPARTMENT!

SERVICE STA

FILL THAT LIP — QUICK!

AIR

FREE AIR PUMP

WILL THAT BE ENOUGH, ERNIE?

NO! GIVE IT A BIT MORE! IT'S GOT TO BLOW OUT LOADS OF CANDLES!

BRRRP!

WHOOOOSH!

HELP! YOU CLOT! YOU PUT TOO MUCH IN!

COO! HARK AT YOU! IT WAS YOU THAT WANTED MORE IN!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

STOP THAT SKIN!

YAROOH! GOT IT, ERNIE!

SKIN DIVER

FATTY'S HAND GRENADES

IT'S USELESS NOW! THERE'S NO AIR LEFT IN IT, AND I'VE NO TIME TO GO BACK TO THE GARAGE!

I KNOW WHERE THERE'S AIR—

AAGH! NO! NOT THE AIR OUT OF MY TYRES!

TWO TICKS LATER, IN FATTY'S MOUTH...

THBBT

LOW PRESS

MIGHTY DEF!

RIGHT, LADS! READY, STEADY —HERE SHE GOES!

GOSH! ALL THAT IN ONE BLOW! WHERE DID HE GET THE WIND?

WHUFF!

BAH! I KNOW WHERE HE GOT THE THE WIND— OUT OF THE TYRES OF MY EAR-TYPE JAG!

# QUEEN OF THE SEAS

LLEWELLYN DAI JONES OF THE "LLANPWYLLYN-ON-SEA MIXED-UP CHOIR," DISCOVERED THAT HE COULD SHATTER POTS WITH HIS "E SHARP- MINOR"!

MI-I-I!

KAH-H-H-H

SCALES

SHATTER!

—AND NOW HE'S ON HIS WAY TO LONDON BY CORACLE—HOPING TO BECOME LEAD-TENOR AT COVENT GARDEN OPERA!

WATCH OUT FOR ME ON THE TELLY NEXT WEEK!

BUT ELEVEN WEEKS LATER, OFF CAPE HORN..

QUEER OBJECT TO PORT, CAPTAIN! LOOKS LIKE A FAT, TUSKLESS WALRUS, WEDGED IN A PUDDIN' BASIN WITH A TRILBY 'AT ON!

OKAY, BERT—I'LL ALTER COURSE!

QUEER OBJECT ABOARD, CAPTAIN!

HA! HA! (GIBBER!) SAVED! BY A THAMES BARGE! (GIBBER! GASP!)

—OL' FATHER THAMES KEEPS RO-O OLLIN' ALO-O-ONG—

—DOWN TO THE MI-I-I-I-I-IGHTY SEA!—

BERT! WHAT'S THIS HORRIBLE NOISE IT'S MAKIN'?

TWANNG! PLUNNK!

IF YOU DON'T STOP MAKING THOSE 'ORRIBLE NOISES, MISTER, I'M GOIN' TO THROW YOU RIGHT BACK!

NOISES?

NOISES, IS IT? WELL, LET ME TELL YOU, BOY-O, THAT THOSE NOISES, AS YOU CALL MY SINGIN', WILL SOON BE RINGIN' OUT FROM COVENT GARDEN ITSELF!

YEAH! (GULP!) AS A PERISHIN' FRUIT PORTER, I'LL BET!

I'LL SHOW YOU!

**SHIPMATES!** APART FROM HIS ABILITY TO SHATTER POTS, DAI JONES CAN RENDER AN ENTIRE VILLAGE-HALL AUDIENCE UNCONSCIOUS IN SIX SECONDS, WITH HIS 'TOP F-FLAT-MAJOR'! THIS EAR-SPLITTING HOOT SETS UP SENSE-DESTROYING VIBRATIONS IN THE HUMAN BRAIN, AT THE RATE OF 58,000 PER-SECOND! AND HERE IT COMES!

SHRIEK! I CAN'T STAND IT!

LAH-H-H-H-H!

BUZZZZ

QUIET-LIKE TINKLE

NOW, SHIPMATES — KNOWING WHAT THIS FIENDISH, HIGH-PITCHED 'NOTE' CAN DO TO AN ENTIRE BATTERY OF NORMAL BRAINS, IMAGINE THE GHASTLY EFFECT UPON THE PRIMITIVE SKULLS OF ENOCH DRIP AND BERTRAM BLOOP!

MMMM BUZZZ

BRODY JERK!

HUM-M-M!

WHIRR!!

AND HERE'S AN X-RAY PICTURE (CERT X) TO SHOW YOU!

IN A MERE FRACTION OF A SECOND, THE INFERNAL 'F-FLAT' HAS K.O.'D QUEENIE'S CREW — AND STUNNED LLEWELLYN DAI JONES!

H-HAH-H! CROAK! I—I'VE OVERDONE IT!

LAHHHHHM H— GASP!

MENTAL BLACK-OUT!

FOLLOWING THIS, SHIPMATES, THERE'S A NUMBER OF BLANK PAGES IN QUEENIE'S LOG-BOOK. BUT DURING THIS UNRECORDED PERIOD SHE IS SIGHTED AND HAILED BY THE IRISH COCKLE, CAPTAIN [illegible]

BEJABERS! (GASP!) 'TIS FIFTY-FOIVE TOIMES OI'VE HOLLERED 'CANAL BARGE AHOY!' AN' NOT A BLESSED PEEP OUT OF HOR!

BLAH-H!

THE 'MARIE CELESTE' WAS A HOIVE O' BUSTLIN' ACTIVITY COMPARED WI' THIS OWD TUB.

SHE IS NEXT SIGHTED BY THE ITALIAN SHIP 'FIGARO' CARRYING A CARGO OF 200 ANIMALS, BUT SIX SNORES TOO LATE!

SNORE—! ERK! MAMMA MIA! HARD-A-TO-PORT! NO! REVERSE-A-DA-ENGINES! AGH-H! I MEAN ABANDON-A-DA-SHIP!

SNORT! BELLOW! ROAR!

SQUEAK! SQUAWK! ROAR!

CRUNCH

BLAH-H-H!

WELL, SHIPMATES, IT SEEMS PRETTY CERTAIN THAT IN NEXT WEEK'S SEA-SPREE, LLEWELLYN'S GOT TO SHOW. BUT WHATEVER YOU SLAP YOUR MONEY ON, BE SURE TO SLAP IT ON WHEN [illegible] COUNTER NEXT SMASHDAY FOR THE [illegible]